

# The Academy

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## The Literary Week.

ON Tuesday last an important first night was held at Christiania, the occasion being the initial performance of Ibsen's new play, "When We who are Dead Awaken." The performance, we learn, was an entire success, the first and third acts producing a strong impression.

THE play of "Hamlet," according to the printed copy of 1603 known as the First Quarto, will be acted by the Elizabethan Stage Society, on Wednesday, February 21, at 8.30 o'clock, at the Carpenter's Hall, London Wall. The text of the play where corrupt and imperfect will be revised from the First Folio. The performance will be given on an Elizabethan stage in Elizabethan costume, and on this occasion the women's parts will be played by boys, as in Shakespeare's time. The original music will be revived on instruments of the sixteenth century under the direction of Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch.

MR. CONRAD's beautiful story, "Youth" (which appeared in *Blackwood* in 1898), his "Heart of Darkness" (which appeared in the same magazine last year), and "Lord Jim" (which is just ending) are about to be published by Messrs. Blackwood, under the title *Three Tales*.

MR. W. E. HENLEY's spirited verses, "England, my England," which we quoted recently, have been set to music by Mr. Ernest A. Dicks. The words and score are published by Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons.

A JOURNALISTIC situation of some interest is piquantly hit off in "The New Who's Who," a page contribution to Messrs. Hatchard's *Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow*:

INGRAM, Sir William, Proprietor of *Illustrated London News, Sketch, Spear, &c.* Publication: Shorter edition of 'De Amicitia,' 1900. Motto: 'Dum Sphero Sphero.'

SHORTER, Clement King, late editor of *Illustrated London News, Sketch, &c.* Founded *The Sphere*, 1900. Pseudonym: Nicholas Breakspear.

SEVERAL correspondents have sent us versions of the Spanish poem printed in our correspondence columns last week. Here is Mr. Walter Gurner's translation:

A little bird that I held dear

Flew away.

My love who loved me yester-year

Died one day.

So the course of love must run;

All things fade beneath the sun;

Life is doomed ere yet begun;

And we say, "God's will be done!"

In answer to Mr. Forster's inquiry as to the author, Mr. Arthur Maquarie writes: "I don't happen to be able to give any assistance in discovering the author of the original, but it is by no means necessary to suppose that he is known even in Spain. One cannot look to learn

names in anthologies of popular verse of this sort, for though there is at present a custom for strolling *travadores* to sell printed copies of their songs (at halfpenny a sheet), great numbers of those now in books may have had to pass through a hundred mouths before finding themselves there."

MANY rumours are afloat as to the new morning paper which Mr. C. Arthur Pearson is about to establish. We can state with authority that it will be called *The Daily Express*, it will be ready in a few weeks, it will cost a halfpenny, and Mr. Pearson, not C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., will own it.

THE competition among halfpenny morning papers shows signs of being as keen as that among sixpenny illustrated weeklies; for last Monday the *Morning Leader*, enlarged and improved, inaugurated a new series, with several interesting features.

THREE poets during the past week have expressed themselves on the War. Mr. William Watson reduced his opinion to the following parable which he contributed to the *Morning Leader*:

A certain man, quitting his own house, went to lodge in the house of another, and there demanded to have voice and authority in the ordering of the whole household.

And the other said: "No. You are free to remain or to depart, but this is my house, and I will suffer in it no second master out-mastering me."

So the lodger called unto his brave and gallant kinsmen to bludgeon that householder into submission.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS sounds a larger note in the poem he sent to the *Daily Chronicle*. It is called simply "A Man":

O for a living man to lead!

That will not babble when we bleed;

O for the silent doer of the deed!

One that is happy in his height;

And one that, in a nation's night,

Hath solitary certitude of light!

Sirs, not with battle ill-begun

We charge you, not with fields unwon,

Nor headlong deaths against the darkened gun;

But with a lightness worse than dread:

That you but laughed, who should have led,

And tripped like dancers amid all our dead.

You for no failure we impeach,

Nor for those bodies in the breach,

But for a deeper shallowness of speech.

When every cheek was hot with shame,

When we demanded words of flame,

O ye were busy but to shift the blame!

No man of us but clenched his hand,

No brow but burned as with a brand,

You! you alone were slow to understand!

O for a living man to lead!

That will not babble when we bleed;

O for the silent doer of the deed!

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON contributed these touching lines to last week's *Sphere*, illustrated by a remarkable drawing by Mr. Hartrick:

O undistinguished Dead!  
Whom the bent covers or the rock-strewn steep  
Shows to the stars, for you I mourn, I weep,  
O undistinguished Dead!  
None knows your name.  
Blackened and blurred in the wild battle's brunt,  
Hotly you fell . . . with all your wounds in front,  
This is your fame!

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER says that if he were a poet he would write an ode to Mr. Mauser. In an article in last Monday's *Morning Leader* he gives his reasons for this quaint aspiration. It has revealed to him a great deal about his country and himself. Nicholson's Nek was the eye-opening, heart-reaching incident. Mr. Archer concludes as follows:

That the blot of unredeemed disaster should blur back through all our military history—that it should appear to dim the glories of Wellington and Marlborough—was perhaps natural enough. But what have Shakespeare and Milton, what have Newton and Darwin, to do with Tommy Atkins and his fortunes? Do they not dwell in an ampler ether, a diviner air? They ought to, no doubt; but I found that, in my own instinctive conception, they did not. It was not only the existing generation that seemed to have suffered humiliation—it was the whole Pantheon of the past. Nay, in some still more inexplicable fashion, the physical beauties of England seemed to have fallen into eclipse—a light had vanished from her valleys, lakes, and woodlands; her castles, cathedrals, universities appeared less stately and less reverend. In short, I realised that the idea of "England" was to me nothing but a many-faceted jewel of pride, whereof no one facet could be dimmed but the others must pale in sympathy. And this the Mauser bullet taught me.

But Mr. Archer does not tell all. Having learned these things, he straightway went out and enrolled himself in a corps of volunteers.

APPROPOS "P. C.'s" list, in our last issue, of old words worth reviving, Mr. Eyre Hussey sends us the following as "an illustration of the extreme value of resuscitated verbiage." We should first state that the new words suggested by "P. C." were:

Cote ...	Enclosure, shelter.
Thole ...	Suffer, endure.
Rede ...	Counsel, advice.
Blee ...	Complexion, aspect.
Dwine ...	To fade gradually.
Pleach ...	Intertwine.
Inwit ...	Intuitive knowledge.
Outwit ...	Acquired knowledge.
Buxom ...	"Willing," good-natured.
Ruly ...	Taking kindly to discipline.
Fay ...	For fairy (which is incorrectly used).
Kitting ...	For kitten (a pure English diminutive instead of a hybrid form).
Calenture ...	Feverish heat.
Gyre ...	Circular course.
Spoorn ...	To run before the wind.
Stour ...	Battle.
Leman ...	Mistress.
Rood ...	The Cross.

Mr. Hussey's amusing illustration follows:

The wind howled as it slammed the front door behind me and left me to *stour* with its icy blast. *Outwit* led me to recollect that if I took a *gyre* the contest would at least be drawn, for then, in the latter portion of my short journey, I could *spoorn*. As I entered the churchyard the *rood* upon the chancel roof stood out clearly out against the sky; one tiny star gleamed above it like the wand-tip of some celestial *fay*.

The black branches of the yew trees bent and skipped like some gigantic *kitting*. It was a lonesome spot; but

what matter? Was I not there to meet the *buxom leman* of my heart?

Still, human nature cannot *thole* everything. I was compelled to seek some *cote*, for in the *calenture* of anticipation I had, contrary to the *rede* of *inwit*, left my *ulster* at home.

I waited in the porch; it was lonesome, but I am *ruly* by nature, and knew well enough that Sophia was often late.

I pictured her with the rosy *blee* upon her face *dwining* as she stood before me with *pleached* fingers to beg forgiveness—

(To be continued when a suitable supply of language is furnished. Impatient readers may as well know that, owing to cold weather, Sophia displayed her *inwit* by staying at home.)

MR. ANDREW LANG's recent observations on the shortness and uncertainty of literary reputations find an echo in the February *American Bookman*. The *Bookman* has just completed its fifth year. Reviewing one short lustrum of its existence, it heaves a sigh of fatigue and bewilderment:

During that brief time many literary reputations have risen and waned; men and women whose names were household words in 1895 have, in the beginning of 1900, reached a commonplace acceptance even more cruel than their original obscurity; books that two or three or five years ago stirred the female subscribers of the village library to wire pulling and intrigue, and the occasional male subscriber to blasphemy, now repose undisturbed upon the shelves. There is infinitely more downright irony in this, the commonplace record of half a decade, than Washington Irving put into his *Mutability of Literature*.

THE *Bookman* illustrates its remarks by stating that in a town library not twenty-five miles from New York the two copies of *Trilby* possessed by the library have not been borrowed for six months; and it adds:

A magazine writer was recently asked to contribute a paper on Bohemian Paris to a new review. The works suggested as deserving treatment in such an article included Henry Murger's *La Vie de Bohème*, W. C. Morrow's *Bohemian Paris of To-Day*, *The Stones of Paris*, and several others. But of *Trilby*, that book which brought home to American and English readers all the romance, the poetry, the charm of the southern half of the French capital as no other book has ever done, and probably as no other book will ever do, no mention was made. The slight was in no way intentional. *Trilby* had simply been forgotten.

BUT if books are short-lived, their writers commonly attain to longevity. Mr. William Roscoe Thayer, writing in the *Forum*, shows that the average age of literary men in the nineteenth century has been distinctly high. Take novelists, for instance. Mr. Thayer gives this table of twenty-six novelists and the ages they reached:

Augier, 79.	Reade, 70.	Ebers, 60.
Irving, 76.	Heyse, 69 (living).	Scheffel, 60.
Conscience, 71.	A. Trollope, 67.	Flaubert, 59.
Meredith, 71 (living).	Collins, 65.	Dickens, 58.
P. de Kock, 71.	Mayne Reid, 65.	Daudet, 57.
Auerbach, 70.	Cooper, 62.	Marryat, 56.
Andersen, 70.	Du Maurier, 62.	Thackeray, 53.
Bulwer, 70.	Hawthorne, 60.	Sue, 53.
Balzac, 51.	Maupassant, 43.	

The average age of these writers is sixty-three years. Forty-six poets attained the average of sixty-six years. The ages of forty "men of letters" work out to the average of sixty-seven years. Historians live even longer; the average of thirty-eight of them was seventy-three years. Mr. Thayer includes musicians, philosophers, agitators, statesmen, and intellectual women in his survey; and his inference is striking:

The assumption has been that modern conditions are destructive to the vitality of just this upper class of brain-workers. The fact is, that these persons lived on an



average sixty-eight years and eight months—that is, nearly thirty years longer than the population as a whole. Were we to double the number of names the result would not be very different.

AN inquiry of some literary interest concerns boys and girls. The following question, among others, was put to a large number of school children, and their answers, which were given in writing, have been examined and compared: "Which man or woman of whom you have ever heard would you most wish to be, and why?" The list of answers includes Shakespeare, Sir Thomas Lipton, and Mr. Kipling. The boy who wanted to be Kipling gave the sensible reason: "Because he writes about soldiers who fight now, and not historical pieces like Shakespeare and Scott."

THE adventures of a story. In the New York *Literary Life* of January appears the following paragraph:

KIPLING.—During Kipling's illness Henry James was one night riding home in a cab from his club in London. The news had just come that the crisis was passed, and the great writer on the road to recovery. As he stepped out on the sidewalk, Mr. James handed the paper he had bought to the cabman. "Kipling's all right," he said. The cabman took the paper, and leaned down with a puzzled look on his face. "I don't seem to know the name o' the 'awse," he said.

Our readers will remember that this story first appeared in the ACADEMY. But the incident did not happen to Mr. Henry James. It was the personal experience of one of our staff—quite a humble person. The story flew to the ends of the earth—the New York version is a mere ricochet.

THE New York *Bookman* makes the following curious parallel between the late Mr. Bellamy, the author of *Looking Backward*, and Mr. Edwin Markham, the author of "The Man with the Hoe":

When Mr. Bellamy wrote *Looking Backward* he wrote it simply as a good story, a bit of imaginative writing, and with no particular intention of promulgating a new form of Socialism. But as soon as the book leaped to its extraordinary success, thousands upon thousands of impressionable persons insisted upon seeing in it a new sociological gospel. Then Mr. Bellamy himself began to feel that he had unwittingly done a great thing, and that he must have been inspired when he composed the pages of his novel. Then he practically gave up literature and started a crank paper, and gave his time and his talents to the foundation and encouragement of clubs for the propagation of the theories set forth in *Looking Backward*. What was the result? The faddists who took up the Bellamy craze soon grew tired and dropped both it and him; his paper failed; and he himself died, a literary wastrel and a sociological joke.

Mr. Edwin Markham's work is, of course, of a very different character from Bellamy's. "The Man with the Hoe," which America read as it has not read any new

And now here is poor Mr. Markham going the same way. His "Man with the Hoe" was very good verse. He doubtless wrote it as he might at a less mature age have written about *The Girl with a Beau*. From a literary standpoint it is all right. But now he has become persuaded by his admirers that the poem is full of hidden meanings, of profound lessons, of unutterable things, and he is going about the country explaining to "social reform clubs" just what those hidden meanings are. No doubt he is enjoying himself hugely, and the people who belong to the clubs will for a day or two speak with bated breath of his soul-searching elucidations; but to us it is all so pathetic! Why cannot every human being have a little of the saving sense of humour? Poor Mr. Markham!

poem for years and years, is an appeal to mankind to do something to lighten the burden of the agricultural slave, to widen his outlook and stimulate his higher feelings. The volume containing this and other of Mr. Markham's poems has just been published in England.

THERE lies on our table a book on which half a dozen visitors have already cast a longing eye. It is a large quarto, bound in a rich brown canvas, admirably stamped, with end-papers of a dusty old-gold; the edges are tinted in brick colour; and the whole appearance of the volume is excellent. It suggests a work on the stained-glass windows of Nuremberg; or a budget of Provençal songs, and their old-time musical scores; or a series of readings from Confucius for family use—in fact, anything grave and stately. It is, however, none of these things; but is the new illustrated *Catalogue of the Boyle System of Ventilation*. As a volume for the drawing-room table we commend it. Messrs. Boyle & Son should come into the book business at once.

WHEN receiving a testimonial at University College last week, Dr. Furnivall expressed the opinion that the English language was destined to be the universal language of civilisation. In face of the following statement, we take leave to doubt it:

The "Congregation" of the University of Chicago has adopted the following minute:

*Resolved*, That the adoption by the Board of the University Press, for use in the official publications and journals of the University, of the list of words with changed spelling, accepted by the National Educational Association, be approved.

The list of words thus "reformed" is as follows:

Program (programme).	Catalog (catalogue).
Tho (though).	Prolog (prologue).
Altho (although).	Decalog (decatalogue).
Thorofare (thoroughfare).	Demagog (demagogue).
Thru (through).	Pedagog (pedagogue).
Thruout (throughout).	

Seriously, this divergence of spelling between English and American English is very unfortunate at a time when the two nations are, more and more, reading the same books, and when every notable author in the one country commands readers in the other.

LIBRARIANS take their work seriously. But card-catalogues and cross-references are not everything, and we feel some sympathy with a writer in *Scribner's* who complains that librarians are too mechanical and are apt to provide their libraries with everything except that atmosphere of peace and leisure necessary to the browser.

Let us suppose that the browser meets the cold glance of the young woman in shirt-waist and eye-glasses, who, at the circulating desk, is handling books with up-to-the-minute movements that indicate that this is no world to moon in. The browser's mood changes, and with the result that he finds it difficult to draw the two ends of the magic circle that before encompassed him together again.

This clearly is not as it should be. The perfect librarian is a subjective being. . . . He is subdued to the reverence of what he works in, and has the student's perceptions, discreet and catholic. He helps to create the ambient with which a library should be permeated, and even to those who have no feeling for the right spirit of the place his manners and personality are an instruction, unconsciously absorbed, and leading them to a humaner attitude.

The humaner attitude is perhaps coming. At any rate, it is a good sign that librarians are becoming playful at their own expense. In the *Library World* a writer gives ten good stock statements useful to librarians who are suddenly called upon to explain a decrease of borrowings to their

committee. The last reason is worth quoting for its delightfully-mixed reasoning and probable success.

We have to draw attention for the first time since the opening of the library to a decrease in the total number of books circulated during the past year. This decrease, however, is entirely due to the fact that the demand has so far exceeded the supply that hardly any of the more popular books were to be found on the shelves, so that it has been a customary thing for borrowers to go empty-handed away. This, though pulling down the issues, is an eloquent testimony alike to the zeal of our readers and the urgent need for more books.

A LITTLE magazine, bearing a close likeness to the *Quartier Latin*, has just been begun at Oxford under the title the *Quad*. Mr. Dent is the London publisher. The following neat and reasonable quatrain meets the reader's eye at the start:

TO THE READER.

We ask you (as our labours' modest meed)  
Firstly to buy, and, secondly to read:  
Then, having bought and read with kindly eyes,  
Thirdly, and not till then, to criticise.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO. will in future publish, from their offices in Salisbury-square, the *Road*, and its affiliated publications: *The Road Coaching Album*, *The Road Coach Guide*, and *The Road Coaching Programme*. The monthly periodical, the *Road*, will shortly enter upon its tenth year of existence, and the occasion will be celebrated by adding to its attractiveness and utility.

MR. QUILLER-COUCH thus dedicates his *Historical Tales* from Shakespeare to Mr. Swinburne:

TO  
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE  
WHO WITH THE NEAREST CLAIM AMONG LIVING MEN  
TO APPROACH SHAKESPEARE CONFIDENTLY  
HAS WITH THE BEST RIGHT  
SET THEM THE EXAMPLE OF REVERENT AND  
HUMBLE STUDY.

## Bibliographical.

THE rumour that Mr. Bret Harte contemplates the publication of a second series of *Condensed Novels* is one that all lovers of prose parody will hope to find true. The first series, which came out in 1867, was called *Sensation Novels Condensed*; but it is to be assumed that the forthcoming travesties will have a wider range, the "sensation" novel being by no means the most striking feature of our present-day fiction. No; what we want is parody of our Marie Corelli, our George Moore, our George Egerton, and so forth; and Mr. Harte might well give some of his attention to the younger persons of both sexes who have distinguished themselves lately by startling novelty of subject, style, and treatment. The field to be covered is broad and rich—much broader and richer than that in which Thackeray wrought in his *Novels by Eminent Hands*.

The last few years have witnessed an agreeable revival of interest in the verse written by the sisters Louisa and Arabella Shore—the "A. and L." of publications dating several decades back. The death of Miss Louisa Shore suggested the issue in 1896, by Mr. Lane, of the *Poems of that lady*, prefaced by a memoir from her sister's pen and an "appreciation" from that of Mr. Frederic Harrison. Then came, in 1897, *Poems by A. and L.*, issued by Mr. Grant Richards, and, in 1898, from the same house, *Hannibal*, the mammoth dramatic poem by Miss Louisa Shore. The forthcoming *First and Last Poems of Miss*

Arabella Shore will probably bring to a close this brief but interesting series of Shore volumes. The deceased sister had, I think, a genuine poetic vision, but very little of the "faculty divine." Her powers were not sufficiently cultivated.

The announced new edition of the third Lord Shaftesbury's *Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times* should be welcome to many. It is by no means *de trop*. The work itself is one of those which are more often talked about than read. Few know, for example, that it is a collection of seven distinct literary efforts—including a "letter," an "inquiry," a "philosophical rhapsody," "miscellaneous reflections," and so forth—published separately at varied intervals. It appeared as a whole in 1711 and again in 1713. Gray wrote about Shaftesbury as a philosopher in rather scornful fashion (see his *Letters*). Pope, who was a friend of Shaftesbury's, thought, it will be remembered, that the *Characteristics* "had done more harm to revealed religion in England than all the works of infidelity put together."

A London morning paper, "noticing" a new edition of the works of Shakespeare, mentions that it has "a pleasant biographical introduction by Mr. Henry G. Bell." This "Mr. Henry G. Bell," were he living now, would be annoyed at the reduction of the second word in his name from "Glassford" to mere "G." There was a time when Henry Glassford Bell was a person of some potency in the literary world, and especially in that part of it which lies north of the Tweed. Some of us remember him best by a "poem" on Mary Queen of Scots, which used to be by far too great a favourite with the reciter-demon. Still, even the perpetration of this "poem" scarcely justifies one in describing him now as "Mr. Henry G. Bell."

Mr. Wilson Barrett is rapidly acquiring a name in the literary as well as in the theatrical arena. That he turned his "Sign of the Cross" into a prose narrative we all know; then came his "novelisation" of his "Daughters of Babylon," but in that he had the co-operation of Mr. Hichens. Now he comes forward with a tale called *In Old New York*, in which he has collaborated with Mr. Elwyn Barron. This, I believe, is a "novelisation" of a play by Messrs. Barrett and Barron which has not yet faced the footlights. Mr. Barron is already known here through his *Manders*, published in this country about sixteen months ago.

Mr. Israel Gollancz was happily inspired when it occurred to him to reprint, along with *In Memoriam*, in the "Temple Classics" series, the poetical remains of Arthur Hallam. We must not forget, however, that the credit of reprinting these remains in recent years belongs to Mr. Le Gallienne, who, in 1893, republished not only Hallam's poems, but his essay on the poems of Tennyson. Mr. Le Gallienne's little volume, which was issued by Messrs. Mathews & Lane, is, indeed, the best possible companion to *In Memoriam*, and I hope it is still in the market.

By way of motto to his new book, *In the Valley of the Rhone*, Mr. C. W. Wood prints the well-known lines:

Noiseless falls the foot of time  
That only treads on flowers.

These he attributes to "Spenser"—a rather unfortunate misprint. And yet how natural on the part of a compositor! Who reads nowadays the works of that Hon. William Robert Spencer whose *vers-de-société* were once in everybody's mouth? It is not the first time that the two men have been confused, as students of Charles Lamb will remember.

*Studies in Dedications*—the title of Miss Arnold-Forster's new book—is a little misleading. It makes one think at once of literary dedications, whereas it is of church dedications that the lady writes. It will be remembered that Mr. H. B. Wheatley contributed a pleasant little volume on *The Dedication of Books* to the "Book-Lover's Library."

THE BOOKWORM.



## Reviews.

## Santo Virgilio.

*The Unpublished Legends of Virgil.* Collected by Charles Godfrey Leland. (Elliot Stock.)

BAYLE, in his article upon Virgil—a plague upon the probable accuracy of pedantry which writes Vergil!—remarks: “Il n’y a rien de plus ridicule que ce que l’on conte de sa magie, et des prétendus prodiges qu’il fit voir aux Napolitains.” After which trenchant and terse verdict there follows, as usual, one of those delightfully colossal notes, which, for very wantonness of erudition, always remind us of Burton. But that *magic* and those *prodiges* have been the theme of laborious scholarship, and found to be of much significance. Signor Comparetti, of Florence—perhaps the most variously learned of living men—has, in his work on Virgil in the Middle Ages, given us once for all the finest word of scholarship upon the matter; and now there comes to us from Florence a little work, by way, as it were, of supplement to that masterpiece. Mr. Leland, creator of Hans Breitmann, translator of Heine, anthropologist among American Indians and European gypsies, has of late devoted himself to a singular, a fascinating, an (to put it Germanwise) in-difficulties-and-doubts-abounding field of investigation. A few years ago he published his *Roman Etruscan Remains in Popular Legend*, wherein he claimed to show that in Italy there exists, side by side with Christianity, a most venerable and primitive Paganism; not the formal civic religion of ancient cultured Rome, but a thing of the villages and woods and fields and vineyards—a true product of lusty, wild Mother Earth—never spoken of in senatorial edicts, nor merged into the hierarchical order of State religion. Etruria—that mysterious region of a vanished civilisation—was its chief home; and its practices remain, in the form of sorcery and magic, wizardry and incantation, witchcraft and necromancy, in the present Italy of to-day, dying, doomed to die, yet discoverable by research and patience still. In a word, that popular body of beliefs and superstitions, whereof the old classics, by tantalising glimpses, make us well aware as having prevailed in classic Italy, has never perished from the soil of Italy. Impoverished, contaminated, debased, jealously hidden out of sight, it is still there. Have patience and cunning, and you will find it in the hearts and upon the lips of withered crones, of peasants versed in ancestral folklore. It will reach you in the rudest of Italian dialects, and from the least modernised of Italian districts; but it also lurks even beneath the shadow of Santa Croce, at Florence, and of St. Peter’s, at Rome.

Mr. Leland is incapable of dulness, but he has his defects. He is vivid, picturesque, dramatic, exciting, at the expense of orderliness, sobriety, method. He gives us a brilliant bundle of notes and sketches, rather than a finished book. He would sooner be careless than pedantic, inaccurate than dogmatic. He is a writer whose veracity one cannot question, but whose authority one hesitates to quote: he is more enjoyable than useful. It is sometimes hard to make up one’s mind whether or not he wishes to be of real assistance to the scientific student of anthropology. His light-hearted indifference to precision infects his proof-reading: we shrink, in the present volume, from misprints which make Browning unmeaning, Martial both unmeaning and unmetrical. Another flaw, or fault, derogatory to any serious and courteous scholar, is his constant girding at the Christian religion, especially in its Catholic form, in a vein of humour which entirely fails to be humorous, and which would still be offensive even if successful. But let us turn from this, and come to the more alluring theme of *Santo Virgilio*.

Signor Comparetti devotes his great work to the study of the mediæval Virgil as he appears in the literature

of the learned, and of that literature as applied to the amusement of the less learned and the illiterate. He speaks of little else but what can be read in extant MSS. or print, and gives but a few lines to the Virgil whose transmogrified phantom flits yet in living legend underived from literary sources—that is, of course, to say, not immediately and consciously derived, but traditional. Mr. Leland, struck by this fact, set himself to collect, by his usual methods, Virgilian legends alive among the people, with the result that he presents to us some fifty tales; and it is safe to say that many, if not most, of them are assignable to no known source in the mass of mediæval Virgilian legend extant as literature. Obviously, the mediæval writers, of whatever kind, who have preserved for us the fantastic Virgil of popular myth could not record all they knew or heard; and there came a time when such legends ceased to be collected. But they did not therefore cease to be handed down among the people; and the popular Italian memory, which is a museum of confused relics, and the popular Italian imagination, which is a factory of things fanciful or grotesque, have between them produced these extraordinary narratives, wherein the medley mediæval conceptions of history and science and the supernatural are in full vigour. Recorded at the close of the nineteenth century, they essentially belong to the ages which made “Virgil, Duke of Naples,” the contemporary of Homer and of King Arthur and of the Soldan of Babylon: they descend in spiritual and imaginative lineage from the times when

Son nom, balbaté par les hommes nouveaux,  
Fit se lever, dans les ténèbres des cerveaux,  
Lauré d’or et de feu, le fantôme d’un mage.  
Le peuple, qui vénère encore son image,  
Broda sur sa mémoire un étrange roman  
De sorcier secourable et de bon nécroman.

Assuredly, it is as “sorcier secourable et bon nécroman” that this “translated” Virgil figures in Mr. Leland’s books; he has still the “white soul” that Horace loved, and is still, despite his strange transformations, the Virgil over whose tomb at Puteoli, so they sang in the churches of Mantua, Saint Paul wept and said: “Ah, what manner of man had I not made of thee had I but found thee living, O prince of poets!” True, he is frolicsome, prankish, as well as helpful and benevolent; but then, as Faustus felt, if you are a magician, the temptation to merry jests and practical jokes is irresistible. Here, with one exception, he does nothing quite unworthy of the Virgil whom primitive and later Christianity hailed as the herald of the Nativity, the first discernor of the Star of Bethlehem, the Virgil who chaunted in his inspired “Pollio” the Desire of the Nations, Him who should come. There is nothing of the Virgil whom harsher spirits accused of working wonders “by witchcraft and nigramansy thorough the help of the devylls of hell.” This, according to one of Mr. Leland’s stories, was the fashion of Virgil’s own coming, and it is exquisitely imagined of him whom Renan calls “le tendre et clairvoyant Virgile.” There was a lady of Rome called Helen, the world’s wonder for beauty, but she would not wed for terror of childbirth; she therefore fled to an impregnable tower far without the walls; but—and here, as Mr. Leland notes, we have the Danaë myth—Jupiter descended as a shower of gold-leaf, and it fell into her cup, which she had no fear to drink.

But hardly had Helen drunk the wine before she felt a strange thrill in all her body, a marvellous rapture, a change of her whole being, followed by complete exhaustion. And in time she found herself with child, and cursed the moment when she drank the wine. And to her in this way was born Virgil, who had in his forehead a most beautiful star of gold. Three fairies aided at his birth: the Queen of the Fairies cradled him in a cradle made of roses. She made a fire of twigs of laurels, it crackled loudly. To the crackling of twigs of laurel was he born; his mother felt no pain. The three each gave him a blessing; the wind as it blew into the window

wished him good fortune; the light of the stars, and the lamp and the fire, who are all spirits, gave him glory and song. He was born fair and strong, and strong and beautiful; all who saw him wondered.

It is characteristic, this mingling of Helen, Danaë, Jupiter, the Fairies, Rome; elsewhere in the piece we have the King of the Magicians, the Emperor, and the Turks. It were nothing wonderful if we also had Abraham, Socrates, Julius Caesar, and the Pope, all meeting in this wonderland out of time and space. We should be grateful to Mr. Leland had he rescued for us no more than the perfect passage quoted, so unconsciously superb and glittering a praise of the everlasting Virgil. And there are other things in the book hardly less beautiful, together with a mass of legends depicting, in a strain of innocent jocularly, this Virgil of the mediæval phantasy, saint and mage. In this aspect, the work, as we have said, is a complement to Signor Comparetti's elaborate study; but it also continues Mr. Leland's studies in the survival of that secret paganism ineradicable, at least in spirit, from the thrice haunted earth of Italy. Here are spells, incantations, remembrances of infinitely ancient deities and powers, which at once impress the reader as far older in spirit than the tales and legends in which they are embodied; as older, not only than the historic Virgil, but older than the first foundation and walls of Rome. "Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurrit": worship of "Madre Natura" is in some form inevitable. With the educated it turns to poetry or a poetical pantheism; with the less sophisticated it abides as something much more practical.

No poet has shared the astonishing fate of Virgil: no other writer of antiquity has been so familiar a name to Christianity. Signor Comparetti has supplied an abundance of historical reasons why this should be so, and, as all scholars know, a special veneration began, even in his lifetime, to gather round the person, and upon his death, round the tomb, of him whom Rome regarded as the laureate and paramount poet of Rome; in his own realm he held the throne, wore the laurel and the imperial robe. History explains why, even in after ages insensible to his essential greatness, he retained the pre-eminence. And yet that veneration, which is at its noblest height in Dante, at its lowest in certain of the most insensate myths concerning him, seems to have about it an inner propriety and congruity and significance. For the poet of imperial Rome is also the poet of human sadness and mortal longing; in him is the craving for a Golden Age, the apprehension of suffering and death, the feeling of fatality, the sense of the mystery of things, the mingled exultation and melancholy of man, the haunting appeals of nature, the mystical meanings of beauty, the manifold marvel of existence. Virgil is one of his own pale ghosts, stretching forth his hands toward "the farther shore," and dreaming of a world regenerate; he embodies

the prophetic soul

Of the wide world dreaming on things to come.

"The chastest poet and royalet that to the memory of man is known," as Bacon calls him, has a note of universality, a kinship with all the race of man. The "courteous" Virgil, as Dante loves to say, has a dignity of compassion, a priestly bearing, an ever gracious and majestic utterance. In a sense far deeper than that of mediæval writers or modern peasants of Italy, he is a magician, an enchanter, touching hearts to tears and thoughts of reverence. Like Plato, he sometimes seems trembling upon the borders of Christianity, groping for it wistfully, filled with the emotions of desire which it satisfies. Grotesque as often were the travesties made of him, in his mediæval character of supreme thaumaturgist and lord over the wisdom of the universe; absurd as it may sound to hear him spoken of to-day as a great "signor," something between Simon Magus and Saint George, and Haroun Alraschid

and Don Quixote and Prospero; yet we are not taken utterly aback by the unique destiny which has effected this. For in the melancholy majesty of his mighty line we commune with the "white soul" which, at the height of Rome's magnificence, was not of that age, but of all ages, in virtue of an intense humanity. If he did not, in man's service, control the powers of nature, none has more profoundly expressed and praised them, the august workings amid which man lives. If he did not with authority go about doing good to men, none has more fully and perfectly given a voice to the infinite longing of their souls, nor spoken with a tenderer austerity.

### The Ancestor of Liberalism.

*George Buchanan* ("Famous Scots" Series). By Robert Wallace. Completed by J. Campbell Smith. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

THIS contribution to the "Famous Scots" series is at once interesting and disappointing. Dr. Robert Wallace (to give him the title by which he was formerly known) was the late editor of the *Scotsman*, an able man, whose competence as a biographer of Buchanan does not need the certificate here given it by Mr. Campbell Smith. It is shown in the biography itself. His purpose, as he tells us, was to condense and popularise the work of Dr. Hume Brown "and the other scientific biographers" of Buchanan; while he disclaims for himself any originality of research. But he handles his subject like a man who is master of it, and his style has a vivacity for which we have probably to thank the editor rather than the theological student. He is overmuch given to explaining away the most trifling allegations of defect in his hero, and claiming for him a well-nigh ideal standard of character; but that is a malady most incident to biographers, and we are disposed to take it good-humouredly.

The trouble is that we have not enough of it. It is a fragment. Its author's death causes it to break off in the very outset of the biographical portion proper, leaving behind a *torso*. The biographical section is indeed continued by Mr. Campbell Smith, who brings it to a summary conclusion, apologising for the lack of facts regarding Buchanan; and this is all, with the addition of an explanatory epilogue and super-explanatory prologue. Mr. Smith's prejudices, as it happens, are only less strong than his language in expressing them, and are curiously mixed. He will hear no words against Mary Stuart, but he launches vituperative epithets worthy of M. Henri Rochefort and the *Intransigeant* against all monks and Queen Elizabeth. Franciscans are "the solid, well-fed, red-faced exponents of infallible truth." As for Elizabeth, she is "one of the cleverest, falsest, most hateful of women of all history"; and it is well Mary was no worse than she was "in a world with her royal cousin and rival flaunting her fictitious moral and physical beauties at the head of it, and getting prematurely canonised as the Good Queen Bess." Therefore, he concludes, "let the modest and honest muse of History cease howling and canting about her (Mary's) crimes, and try to refrain from lavishing eulogy upon her kindred in position and in blood—Henry VIII., the Royal Bluebeard, and his inconstant and deceitful daughter." From all which it will be gathered that the quality of Mr. Smith's censures is not strained.

The valuable portion of the book is therefore limited to a monograph on the genius and character of Buchanan, which—good though it be—is hardly sufficient to equip the book for its place in the series. One would have expected some account of Buchanan's writings, beyond the general reference to them in the opening, such as Dr.



Wallace evidently intended to give at a later stage; and this, one thinks, at any rate Mr. Smith might have supplied. As it is, the book is far too incipient to be satisfactory—and in a degree that might have been further remedied.

George Buchanan was a man whose work is important enough to merit modern recollection. By a singular chance, one of the most learned men of the sixteenth century was long remembered chiefly as a jester—a Scotch Joe Miller—in virtue of a very terrible jest-book which passed under his name. Though he had the reputation of a humorist in life, Dr. Wallace's specimens of his humour prove chiefly Dr. Wallace's want of it. This George Buchanan, whom the modern world has somewhat forgotten, was of an old but poor Stirlingshire family, a lad whose first tongue was the Gaelic. What would Agricola have said had he been told that a descendant of the wild Caledonians, the very Afridis of his day, would in time to come be a poet in the Roman tongue, the tongue of Virgil and Catullus, nay, write history in it like his own friend Tacitus? For that and much more was George Buchanan. He was a great scholar in an age when the Scaligers and Casaubon lived, when it was no easy thing to be a great scholar; he was a powerful satirist; a keen controversialist; he wrote a valuable history; he mingled with men of affairs and was secretary to political assemblies; he flogged a king, and founded "Liberal principles"—at least, in the political order. Going very young to the university of Paris, he spent nearly all his early life on the Continent, except for an interval during which he was in Scotland, first as tutor to the Earl of Cassilis, and afterwards in the same capacity towards a natural son of James V. He taught at the university of Guyenne, where he had Montaigne for pupil; and it was on the Continent that he made his name—a European name—as a scholar and as the finest Latin poet of his day. Latin poetry was no such trifling then as it now appears. When many of the European languages were still half-barbaric, and there was no such thing as a literary public, it was only in Latin that a man could acquire a polite reputation as a poet. And Buchanan wrote as a poet, not as a mere Latin versifier. His Latin poetry not only receives the applause of modern scholars, but—what is a far higher guarantee of its poetic power—one of his poems was pronounced by Wordsworth to be equal to anything in Horace.

It was midway through his career when he landed in Scotland, about the same time as Mary Stuart, and began the rearing of his Scottish—and modern—reputation. He was all things to all men; read Livy with Queen Mary—who would take naturally to the Gallicised Scotsman—and chatted with the reforming nobles. But it was to the Reformation that his sympathies were given, and it was in its cause that he wrote most of his later works. He broke with Mary, and received distinguished political employment from her adversaries in the events which followed. He even drew up for them a too famous accusation against the Stuart queen. We do not think that Dr. Wallace successfully defends this act. Conviction might force Buchanan to oppose the cause of his patroness; but it could not oblige him to take away her fair fame. He was made tutor, after her English imprisonment, of the young King James VI., and held the office nominally till his own death.

But his great achievement of this period—greater than the history of Scotland, which time has necessarily put out of date—was his book *De Jure Regis*, put forth to defend the proceedings of the reforming nobles. It became, throughout Europe, the store-house of those political principles on which modern Liberalism rests. In virtue of this it is, chiefly, that this account of Buchanan appeals to modern readers. For this humorous, versatile, choleric phraseur, statesman and scholar-poet in his day, was virtually, so far as any one man could be said to be, the founder of modern Liberalism.

## Principal Caird.

*The Fundamental Ideas of Christianity.* By John Caird, D.D., LL.D. With a Memoir by Edward Caird, D.C.L., LL.D. Two vols. (Maclehose.)

THESE "Gifford Lectures," left unfinished at Principal Caird's death, continue the argument of his *Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion*, which appeared as long ago as 1880, and which is recognised on all hands as probably the best statement existing of the Hegelian view as to the relations of philosophy and religion. That work dealt with the broadest outlines of its subject, the arguments for the being of God, the "necessity of religion," the development of the religious consciousness, and the connexion of religion with morality. The present Lectures go further, and taking up one by one the distinctively theistic and Christian doctrines—the Moral Government of the World, the Divinity of Christ, the Atonement, the Origin of Evil, the Future Life—attempts, still upon Hegelian lines, to present these in a form in which they may be justified before the bar of reason.

It will be doing the memory of Principal Caird no injustice to say that the sheer intellectual qualities displayed in the book are less striking than the spiritual fervour and grace of rhetorical style with which they were written. For the impression which you gather from the Master of Balliol's excellent "Memoir" of his brother is, that even in the opinion of those who knew and loved him best, he was less an original thinker than a great preacher. His part in the idealistic reaction of the last half century was no small one; but it was rather in the liberalising of theology than in the spiritualising of philosophy. The former task was for T. H. Green, for R. L. Nettleship, for the present Master of Balliol himself, for Prof. Wallace; Principal Caird was destined to do something of the same work in the Church of Scotland which Dean Stanley did, or essayed to do, in the Church of England. In the earlier days of his ministry, his lack of unction in preaching the specific dogmas of Calvinism awoke a suspicion of his "soundness," and although he came to attach more importance to dogma in his later life, yet even then he kept what he regarded as "essentials" before him, and "was almost indifferent to the causes of disagreement between the main denominations into which the Christian Church is divided." He was a bold man who, when consenting to address a congregation of U.P. Scotchmen, told them plainly that "he would not take the trouble of crossing the street in order to convert a man from their denomination of Christians to his own."

The testimony to his oratorical gifts is unanimous. "He spoke," says his brother of him in his youth, "with an earnestness and vehemence, with a flow of utterance and a vividness of illustration which carried his hearers by storm. . . . They were too much moved to be critical." The more chastened and reasoned eloquence of his ripper years was not less impressive. Dean Stanley considered a sermon of his delivered at Balmoral "the best single sermon in the language"; and to the last he never lost the power to move and influence his audience. Withal a man of single purpose and unconscious simplicity,

He was, I think, the most modest man I ever knew in his estimate of his own abilities and acquirements; and his great power as a speaker never seemed to awake in him any feeling of self-satisfaction. It was, indeed so habitual and, I might say, natural to him to move men by his gift of speech that he never seemed to attach any special importance to it. On the other hand, he was apt to idealise and over-estimate the gifts of others, especially if they had any knowledge or ability which he did not himself possess.

## A Victim of Sore Thunderbolts.

*Hugh Latimer.* By R. M. Carlyle and A. J. Carlyle. (Methuen.)

"My father was a yeoman and had . . . a farm of three or four pound by the year at the uttermost, and thereupon he tilled as much as kept half-a-dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep; and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able and did find the king a harness, and himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. . . . He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the King's Majesty now. . . . He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor."

These homely words we quote out of the mouth of Master Latimer, as he spoke them, in the days of his prosperity, before the court of Edward VI.

In 1509 he was elected a fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge. Warham was Archbishop of Canterbury, and a good friend to him; so was Fox, Bishop of Winchester. Henry VII. sat on the throne, and Cardinal Morton was his principal adviser. The new learning was already enlarging the outlook; the mediæval luminaries, St. Thomas and Duns Scotus, were in eclipse; and Cambridge, more than Oxford, was sensitive to the *zeitgeist*. Yet at the time when Latimer was pursuing his studies he was "as obstinate a Papist as any was in England"; and, indeed, it was characteristic of his whole career that he approached the controversies in which the age was entangled from the side of life and of utility. He sounded the keynote of his life's symphony in his sermon on The Card, preached in 1529 before his own university. It was a denunciation of those who leave "necessary" works and "bestow the most part of their goods in voluntary [*i.e.*, supererogatory] works." In 1531 he was appointed by the King to the parsonage of West Kingston, Wilts, where he had "more business, what with sick folk and what with matrimonies, than he should have thought a man should have in a great cure"; so that he wonders "how men can go quietly to bed which have great cures and many, and yet peradventure are in none of them at all." He soon fell under suspicion, and was summoned to London for examination by the Bishop's court. There was made an attempt to involve him in heresy; for when a very crafty and cunning question had been put by a certain one,

"I pray you, Master Latimer," said he, "speak out, for I am very thick of hearing." I . . . began to misdeem and to have an ear to the chimney [which was covered with an arras]. And, sir, there I heard a pen walking in the chimney behind the curtain."

Nevertheless, he prospered. He preached before the King and by his honesty did so win him that he was appointed to the see of Worcester. He was one of the bishops deputed to draw up the *Institution of a Christian Man*; and when Queen Katharine's confessor, Forest, was roasted alive for maintaining the papal supremacy, Latimer improved the occasion. Thenceforward he continued steadily to approach the ideals of the Continental reformers.

He denounced "solemn and nocturnal bacchanals and prescript miracles"; he preached in unmeasured terms against "our old purgatory pickpurse that was swaged and cooled with a Franciscan's cowl upon a dead man's back." But the promulgation of the Six Articles, affirming the whole of the Roman doctrine except only the authority of the Pope, drove him to resign, and presently turned upon him the keys of the Tower. "Marry, sir, this was sore thunderbolts!"

Returning to public life in the next reign, he preached in 1548, 1549, 1550 against the evils of the day. Particularly he denounced the covetousness by which the ruin of the yeomanry was being wrought, though this, in fact, was no more than the application to agriculture and cattle-raising of economic laws which in these days are recognised

as sound. He declares—strangely enough—that learning is no longer patronised as in the days of Popery. As to the judges, he likens himself to Esay, who denounced the unjust judges of Israel. He knows very well how the thing works: "Somewhat was given to them before, and they must needs give somewhat again; for Giffe-gaffe was a good fellow: this Giffe-gaffe led them clean away from justice." For such there lacks a Tyburn tippet, though it were my Lord Chief Justice himself. His brethren of the clergy are not spared.

Came Mary; came Pole; came bulls of absolution, reconciliation, and what not. Came also a pursuivant to summon Latimer to the Royal presence. Whither he went, said he, "as willingly, being called by my Prince to render an account of my doctrine, as ever I was at any place in the world." He was lodged first in the Tower; at Oxford the prison in the Corn Market, known as Bocardo (after one of the figures of the syllogism), was the meet abode of this impugner of the ancient logic. There he enjoyed the company of Ridley and Crammer, and together they confirmed themselves in the conviction that in the New Testament was no warrant for the doctrine of a corporal presence in the sacrament. And there Latimer in his exercises "did so inculcate and beat the ears of the Lord God as though he had seen God before him and spoke unto Him face to face."

Of the examination of the three in St. Mary's Church we can here give no particular account. Only, we quote Strype's description of this poor old clergyman—who had forgot his logic, whose memory was gone and his tongue unused for twenty years to use Latin—at the moment of his appearing before his judges:

He held a hat in his hand, he had a 'kerchief on his head, and upon it a night-cap or two, and a great cap such as townsmen used with two broad flaps to button under his chin; an old threadbare Bristow freez gown, girded to his body with a penny leather girdle, at which hanged by a long string of leather his Testament; and his spectacles without case hanging about his neck upon his breast.

The proceedings seem to have been somewhat huddled, and their result, consummated six months later, is familiar to every English child. It was one point at which the English Reformation touched heroism. The lurid record kept the hearts of Englishmen hot against the appeal of the Roman Catholic Church for three hundred years: not even the madness of the Powder Plot was so efficacious.

The work of the joint authors has been done with admirable efficiency. There is positively nothing in the record that could hurt the feelings of any reader, whatever his convictions on the dogmatic questions involved. It is the story, told to a great extent in his own words, of an honest old Englishman who was content to give his body to be burned for what he doubted not to be the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

## Mau's Pompeji.

*Pompeii: its Life and Art.* By August Mau. Translated into English by Francis W. Kelsey. With numerous Illustrations from Original Drawings and Photographs. (Macmillan. 25s.)

To the list of about five hundred books relating to Pompeii in Furchheim's *Bibliotheca Pompeiana*, published 1891, there are by now several important works to add. Prof. Sogliano's learned *Guide de Pompéi* came out last April at Rome, and M. Pierre Gusman's magnificent *édition de luxe*, entitled *Pompéi: la Ville, les Mœurs, les Arts*, was published at Paris in December. We now have the latest, which is a translation, specially prepared for English readers by an American gentleman, of a new German MS. by Prof. Mau, similar in some respects to the work that appeared in Germany about three years ago.



It would be absurd here to describe Pompeii's history and destruction; all know its modern aspect. It is only necessary to refer to the late Senator Fiorelli, who died in 1896, aged seventy-two; who was in charge of the excavations till 1875, when he went to Rome as Superintendent-General of Museums and Excavations; and was succeeded by Michele Ruggiero, followed by Giulio de Petra, and now by the actual Director of the Pompeian excavations, Prof. Sogliano, de Petra being Director of the Naples Museum and of the excavations in the province.

The twelve plates of this volume are beautifully soft and clear, and the plans and 263 illustrations all that can be desired. The restorations are very different from the fanciful and absurd attempts in Dyer's *Pompeii*: in that of the Forum Mau has rightly taken a suggestion from a marble relief; and another of the Greek temple and southern houses and walls of the city, by Weichardt, who happens to be the German Emperor's architect, is both beautiful and reasonable. The description of the Basilica restored is more trustworthy than that in older works, but it can never be thoroughly satisfactory owing to the insufficiency of the remains. Quite in the best German vein is the excellent comparison between the busts of Zeus from Otricoli and Pompeii; thorough, clear, and pleasant reading, it is summed up by declaring that "the Pompeian god is more a sovereign; the Zeus of Otricoli is more poetic, more divine."

We knew already that Prof. Mau had shown the building to the west of the Stabian baths to be the town reservoir. But we notice several serious omissions; among others, there is no plan, view, or description of the temple lately excavated between the Basilica and the Porta Marina. This, according to Dr. Sogliano's *Guide*, is named the temple of Augustus, while M. Gusman claims it for that of Venus; and, as his reasons seem good, and we know that there were priestesses to Ceres and Venus in Pompeii, we are inclined to agree with the latter. It is remarkable also in so complete a work that there is no mention of the few wells that have been found, of which the list, with depths, was given by FitzGerald Marriott's *Facts about Pompeii* in 1895. Nor are Mason's Marks more than referred to; and the authorities quoted omit mention of both Richter's list in *Antike Steinmetzzeichen* (1885), and the later and only complete series of reproductions in twelve pages of Marriott's work. Moreover, all references to the identification of the Family Portraits of the inhabitants of the houses by the latter author, portrayed both by him and in Gusman's elaborate *Pompeii*, seem to be strangely ignored.

The chapter on "Three Houses of Unusual Plan" is interesting, but there is little about the extremely unique, five-storied, terraced cliff-houses in Regione VIII., 2, 14 to 23, such as is given in *Facts about Pompeii*; though a slight description of the older-excavated and smaller house, known as that of Giuseppe Secondo, is given as an example. Among new subjects described in full, however, are the country villa at Boscoreale and the House of the Vettii, excavated in 1894-95. Prof. Mau naturally describes everything, when possible, from the point of view which he has made peculiarly his own—i.e., that of the style of decoration from which the comparatively later buildings can easily be classed under four periods; the successive, gradual development of these styles indicated by Marriott is here investigated on wider lines; and the fascinating origins pointed to are as far off even as Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch, which is news for the elder school of British Archaeologists. These latter have too long ignored the four distinct styles of Pompeian and Roman house decoration, and are especially perversely ignorant of that delicate variety of the third style, which Mau, in his well-known German works, but not in this, distinguishes as the "candelabrum." His chapter on "Painting and Wall Decoration" is of the utmost value, that being Mau's strong point, as we know from his *Geschichte der decorativen Wandmalerei in Pompeii*.

In speaking of "Sarno" limestone it would have been better to say Sarnus; and a few other orthographic flaws exist. But in spite of defects and omissions, this valuable and substantially-bound book has much that is new, and is the most thorough and extensive work on Pompeii in all its many aspects that has yet appeared in the English language.

### The New Dooley.

*Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of his Countrymen.* By F. P. Dunne. (Richards. 3s. 6d.)

WE have from time to time said so much about Mr. Dooley that it is needless again to lay emphasis on the great merits of this laughing satirist and philosopher. Our readers know already how we regard him. His new book shows no falling off: his wit is as nimble as ever, his eye as quick to note incongruities, his satire as well directed and as brilliant. In one respect *Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of his Countrymen* has an advantage over *Mr. Dooley in Peace and War*, which preceded it: for whereas the earlier book was almost exclusively American in application, the new one gives several chapters to the Dreyfus case and to English subjects.

For most readers the cream of the volume will be these Dreyfus chapters. Certainly Mr. Dooley never approached a scandal with more gusto and levity, and never left it so thoroughly exposed. His own evidence—as contained in an imaginary address to the Court at Rennes—shows his excellent good sense no less than his excellent gift of ridicule. Though he writes in English (of sorts), Mr. Dooley is not an Anglo-Saxon. Fortunately for his readers he is a Celt, and is thus in a position to hit all round. From the salutary lecture which Mr. Dooley delivered to Col. Jouaust we take the following passage:

"Th' throuble is, mong colonel, lady an' gintlemen, that it ain't been Cap Dhryfuss that's been on thirle, but th' honor iv th' nation an' th' honor iv th' ar-myy. If 'twas th' Cap that was charged, ye'd say to him, 'Cap, we haven't anny proof again ye; but we don't like ye, an' ye'll have to move on.' An' that 'd be th' end iv th' row. The Cap 'd go over to England an' go into th' South African minin' business, an' become what Hogan calls 'A Casey's bellows.' But, because some la-ad on th' gin'ral staff got caught lyin' in th' start an' had to lie some more to make th' first wan stick, an' th' other gin'ral's had to jine him f'r fear he might compromise thim if he wint on telling his fairy stories, an' they was la-ads r-runnin' newspapers in Paris that needed to make a little money out iv th' popylation, ye said, 'Th' honor iv th' Fr-rinch people an' th' honor iv th' Fr-rinch ar-myy is on thirle'; an' ye've put thim in th' dock instead iv th' Cap. Th' honor iv Fr-rance is all right, me boy, an' will be so long as th' Fr-rinch newspapers is not read out iv Paree,' I says. 'An', if th' honor iv th' Fr-rinch ar-myy can stand thim pants that ye hew out iv red flannel f'r thim, a little threachery won't injure it at all,' I says. 'Yes,' says I, 'th' honor iv Fr-rance an' th' honor iv th' ar rmy'll come out all r-right,' I says; 'but it wudden't do anny harm f'r to sind th' honor iv th' Fr-rinch gin'ral's to th' laundry,' I says. 'I think ye'd have to sind Gin'ral Merceer's to th' dyer's,' I says. 'Ye niver can take out th' spots, an' it might as well all be th' same color,' I says. 'Mong colonel,' I says imprissively, 'so long as ivry man looks out f'r his own honor, th' honor iv th' counthry'll look out f'r itsilf,' I says. 'No wan iver heard iv a nation stealin' a lead pipe or committin' perjury,' I says. 'Tis th' men that makes up th' nation that goes in f'r these diversions,' I says. 'I'd hate to insure again burglars th' naytional honor that was guarded be that ol' gazabo,' says I, indicatin' Merceer with th' toe iv me boot."

The Dreyfus Case is, perhaps, the best thing in the new volume, but we recommend also particularly "A Hero who worked Overtime," "The Optimist," "The Performances of Lieutenant Hobson," and, for true Irish exaggeration and irresponsible fun, "The Union of Two Great Fortunes."

## Other New Books.

HOME AND GARDEN.

BY GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

*Wood and Garden*, Miss Jekyll's first book, kept us in the open air: in *Home and Garden*, its sequel, or companion volume, we are taken indoors as well, and are regaled with more intimate and personal conversation and reminiscences than the author offered before. Otherwise the books are very much alike: the same charm is in both, the same love of Nature, the same striking good sense and distinguished taste. Perhaps the most interesting passages in *Home and Garden* are those describing the building of Miss Jekyll's house at Munstead. The building of the house in which the rest of one's life is to be spent is a serious business not to be lightly entered upon, and few experiences are more interesting than this can be to almost everyone, whatever their temperament. But to a mind so active and sound and luminous as Miss Jekyll's the spectacle, nay, the drama, of home-building is absolutely absorbing and full of significance. Nothing is too small for her notice and approbation. She revels in every office, however mean, that assists forward steady and thorough completion. While her house was building Miss Jekyll occupied a little cottage eighty yards away, where she could feast upon the sounds of the men at work. "How well I got to know them!" she remarks, and adds this list, which there can be few of our readers so aurally unobservant as not to recognise vividly:

The chop and rush of the trowel taking up its load of mortar from the board, the dull slither as the moist mass was laid as a bed for the next brick in the course; the ringing music of the soft-tempered blade cutting a well-burnt brick, the muter tap of its shoulder settling it into its place, ended by the down-bearing pressure of the finger-tips of the left hand; the sliding scrape of the tool taking up the over-much mortar that squeezed out of the joint, and the neat slapping of it into the cross-joint. The sharp, double tap on the mortar-board, a signal that more stuff was wanted. Then, at the mortar-mixing place, the fat-popping of the slaking lime throwing off its clouds of steam; the working of the mixing tool in the white sea enclosed by banks of sand—a pleasant sound strangely like the flopping of a small boat on short harbour wavelets; the rhythmical sound of the shovel in the sloppy mortar as it turned over and over to incorporate the lime and sand.

The house itself, judging from the photographs reproduced in this book, is in external design what it should be. That it is a piece of honest thorough English—shall we say Ruskinian?—work is demonstrated by the simple fact that it is Miss Jekyll's property. An owner who can feel thus about the timber which is employed will not be put off with anything but the best labour:

Then there is the actual living interest of knowing where the trees one's house is built of really grew, the three great beams, ten inches square, that stretch across the ceiling of the sitting-room, and do other work besides, and bear up a good part of the bedroom space above (they are twenty-eight feet long), were growing fifteen years ago a mile and a half away, on the outer edge of a fir wood just above a hazel-fringed hollow lane, whose steep sandy sides, here and there level enough to bear a patch of vegetation, grew tall Bracken and great Foxgloves, and the finest wild Canterbury Bells I ever saw. At the top of the western bank, their bases hidden in cool beds of tall fern in summer, and clothed in its half-fallen warmth of rusty comfort in winter, and in spring-time standing on their carpet of blue wild Hyacinth, were these tall oaks; one or two of their fellows still remain.

That passage is typical of Miss Jekyll's mind. It is inspired by what we might call the Saner Sentimentalism. The architect of Miss Jekyll's home, though he comes in for many eulogies, is yet left unnamed by her. We are tempted to commit an indiscretion and say that it was Mr. Lutyens.

*Home and Garden* is not inferior to *Wood and Garden*, and all persons who own the one will need the other. They reveal together one of the most interesting and attractive personalities to be found in recent literature. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

IMPRESSIONS OF SPAIN.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

This, we fear, is book-making pure and simple. From 1877 to 1880 Lowell was American minister at Madrid, and while holding that office he sent home a number of official despatches. From these a selection of some eighty pages, enclosed in double lines with side titles, has been made, prefaced by sixteen pages by Mr. Adees—in Lowell's day American *chargé d'affaires* at Madrid—and five by Mr. J. B. Gilder, who "introduces" the book. We learn that on Lowell's arrival at Madrid the leading Government organ welcomed "the poet Russell equally with the diplomatist Lowell," while another paper alluded to him playfully as "José Bighlow." But Spain was a disappointment to the lover of *Don Quixote* (who first learned Spanish in order to be able to read that work) and his writing in this volume is a disappointment to us. The Lowell of the golden and honeyed mouth is not here. The observation shown in these passages from his despatches may be sound, but the matter, comparatively speaking, is always dull, and, speaking positively, is often dull. A good special correspondent for a paper makes far better reading and not much inferior prose. Here are a few—exceptionally characteristic—words concerning a bull-fight:

The broad avenue to the amphitheatre was continually blocked by the swarm of vehicles of every shape, size, colour, and discomfort that the nightmare of a bankrupt livery stableman could have invented. All the hospitals and prisons for decayed or condemned carriages seemed to have discharged their inmates for the day, and all found willing victims. And yet all Madrid seemed flocking toward the common magnet on foot also. I attended officially, as a matter of duty, and escaped early. It was my first bull-fight, and will be my last. To me it was a shocking and brutalising spectacle, in which all my sympathies were on the side of the bull.

(Putnam's.)

AMONG HORSES IN RUSSIA.

BY CAPTAIN HAYES.

This is less an equine book than those with which Captain Hayes made his reputation. It is gossip, reminiscence, recreation. It stands in the same relation to *The Points of the Horse* that an evening at the hippodrome does to a day with the Pytchley. But Captain Hayes is always entertaining, and his new volume, loosely written, slangy and happy-go-lucky as it is, will give "horsey" people a few agreeable hours. The author first went to Russia in order to gain information as to the exact kind of horses needed by the Chevaliers Gardes at St. Petersburg, the supply of which he had undertaken. While on this visit he broke in a young horse in the presence of the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Inspector-General of the Russian Cavalry, a feat which led to his employment as a horse expert in various capacities. The narrative of his experiences is full of spirit, although the gallant captain's prose model, we regret to state, is more often Mr. John Corlett than, say, Mr. Matthew Arnold. He speaks of "doing himself well" on Haut Sauterne, port and green Curaçoa, of "gees," of "fagging" at his books, and so forth. But what matter? The picture given of Russian cavalry life is the fullest that we know, and Captain Hayes's photographs are extremely interesting. Here is the account of a bad Baltic Province stable boy named Lüpke:

Acting on the advice of Sorel, who had been in the circus with Lüpke, I gave this Baltic Province boy a tenner to stimulate him in looking after the grey gelding. He admired so much the breeches I rode in that I gave him a fellow pair to them. Then he got so uneasy in his



mind over a scarf-pin that I let him have it, lest he would do the gelding an injury. My only consolation now is that he got the order of the boot from the Grand Duke, and that the circus girl, whom he married, wears the metaphorical and possibly my breeches. If I could only learn that she stuck the pin into him I'd be quite happy. The way nice horses get messed about by incompetent people is sickening.

Captain Hayes is excellent company throughout. (Everett.)

#### SPORT IN SOMALILAND.

BY JOSEPH POTOCKI.

Few departments of literature enjoy such magnificent editions as the department of Sport. Even the poets scarcely surpass sporting writers in glory of binding and illustration. Another sumptuous volume on African sport now reaches us—the record of the big game expedition of a foreigner. Mr. Joseph Potocki is a young Pole who left England in the autumn of 1895 to go hunting in the "Horn of Africa," otherwise Somaliland, a country which was not long ago unknown and utterly inaccessible, but which is now, thanks to English and Continental sportsmen, quite a fashionable resort for those who wish for wilder shooting than the rest of the world provides. Mr. Potocki started from Berbera, and worked his way due south to Hargeisa and Farfanyer, and then, marching eastwards, struck north again by way of Hodayu to Berbera and the coast. The book, which is an excellent record of sport, is translated from the Polish by Mr. Jeremiah Curtin; and, as far as can be judged by one innocent of the Polish tongue, is smoothly and readably done. But the illustrations are the most valuable part of the book. The frontispiece is a coloured portrait of the author, and there are fifty-eight coloured illustrations, eighteen page-photogravures, seven text figures, and a map. The pictures are wonderfully good, and the studies of lions, leopards, rhinoceroses, elephants, and such like, are drawn with far more knowledge and truth than is usually the case in books on shooting. This is a volume which no one who has ever gone abroad in pursuit of big game will care to be without. (Rowland Ward.)

#### PICTURES OF TRAVEL, SPORT, AND ADVENTURE.

BY "THE OLD PIONEER."

Another good book on sport is this work by Mr. George Lacy, "The Old Pioneer," which deals with hunting in the Amaswazi and Gaza countries of South Africa, the Hot Lake District of New Zealand, the gold-fields of Victoria, the diamond-fields, Basutoland, the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and Natal. Such a list of semi-savage countries should satisfy even the most exacting appetite, and "The Old Pioneer" has certainly had no lack of adventure. He calculates that he has travelled about 190,000 miles, of which five thousand were done on foot, eight thousand on horseback, and twenty thousand in cart or coach. As everyone is now trying to pronounce South African names correctly, it may be as well to record, on the authority of "The Old Pioneer," that the name De Villiers is the Smith of South Africa, and is pronounced "Filgee," for some unknown reason. Mr. Lacy traded a good deal in the Orange Free State and among the Boers, and found that a fine barrel-organ which he had bought from an eccentric Englishman helped him greatly in his trade. He and his companions used to play it after outspanning at a house. The organ was afterwards sold to Moshesh, the great Basuto chief, and it helped to solace his declining years. Mr. Lacy recounts his adventures with a good deal of freshness and spirit, and is altogether a most cheery companion. The book is well illustrated with reproductions from photographs. (Pearson Ltd.)

## Fiction.

*Shameless Wayne.* By Halliwell Sutcliffe.  
(Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

HERE, in the big way of big passions, we seem to have the genuine market-place article. The book is in the true spirit of romance: the reader is never brought quite down to life, and never taken quite away from it. The pages resound with the shock of the last feud of the houses of Wayne and Ratcliffe; and nature, in her most violent and gigantic moods, fills the background. Each family has a fair daughter: so there is fierce and lawless love. Each is barbaric, revengeful: so there is much bloodshed. In the end the home of the Ratcliffes becomes a shambles; the last fight is vividly described, and the Yorkshire moor would be the sweeter when the carcasses were underground. The tale will have an attraction for certain minds. It is diffuse, but that will be no bar to its popularity, for readers of this sort of thing like plenty of it. The work is strong, wholesome, and honest. The slaughtering has a downright manly vigour that makes one think of a thoroughly English stand-up fight; and at least one reader wanted to have a look in at that final splendid rumpus! It is capital reading; but one misses the note of awe. Killing may or may not be tragic, but death always has its own peculiar grandeur; and the act of slaying can surely have no artistic importance unless it appals. In Mr. Sutcliffe's new book men are slain right and left and there's an end of it; the wind wails over the moor, the skies are majestically terrible, but the President of the Immortals seems to be sound asleep all the while. The characters are not analysed: they are painted; and with a tragic motive—the feud begins with the dishonour of a woman and the murder of her husband—we require something more than surface anguish. Shameless Wayne, on the murder of his father, "sobbed as men sob once only in their learning of life's lesson." We are not moved: a strong man sobbing is an awful sight, but it is not enough to tell us that he sobbed. And Wayne never learned life's lesson except through the operation of his animal instincts, which scarcely make for intelligence. In short, in *Shameless Wayne* we have the fabric of both tragedy and romance. The romance is very good, but the tragic veil remains unlifted.

*Folly Corner.* By Mrs. Henry E. Dudeney.  
(Heinemann. 6s.)

ONE reads this book under the insistent impression that it is the work of an extremely clever woman. As a story it is really interesting, and its interest does not depend upon the surprises of an intricate plot, but on the adequate development of a dramatic theme. The dialogue of the chapter in which the mysterious gaol-bird (a fascinating degenerate) suddenly confronts Pamela and Jethro at Folly Corner might be used almost bodily on the stage. The writing is generally vigorous and often brilliant; the comedy is first-rate. Gainah is a remarkable creation, and the duller reader will realise Mrs. Clutton as a living being. It is, in fact, in the objective medium, a successful novel. The scene is laid in the Weald of Sussex, and the natural scenery is admirably done. Mrs. Dudeney wisely refrains from trying her hand at the Sussex dialect. The people, however, do not appear to have been so intimately studied; the present writer knows the county from end to end, and he finds it difficult to believe that during Pamela's drive with Farmer Jayne "every small girl they met bobbed her little skirts in the dust." Mrs. Dudeney is rather hard on cockneys; but this is cockneyism, stark, staring. Had the story appeared anonymously, the sex of its author could easily have been guessed. A young man is "hideous in his Sunday clothes" (he is merely driving past, and there is no reason whatever why his

clothes should be mentioned), and Pamela is "one of those mercurial women who can be made happy by a bar of French chocolate, and miserable by a shabby hat." Does it need a mercurial temperament in woman to be made miserable by a shabby hat? A graver objection is that this does not at all harmonise with what we are told about Pamela. And let Mrs. Dudeney try to imagine George Eliot (say) writing about a countryman's "hideous clothes"! Which brings us to the gulf between subjective and objective art. Nor does Mrs. Dudeney's dashing fancy seem to take kindly to the simile: "Her basket was three-parts full of seed-pods—like the fingers of dainty gloves stretched over bones," is not felicitous. She nevertheless reaches at times the expression of insight, or at least of poetic observation: "The anemones were widely blown, with the quiet watchfulness which comes before death." Sometimes she comes near to spoiling her picture by an excessive use of adjectives: "They went up the path to the brooding house in its tangle of ivy and its unpruned jungle of ancient plum-trees." This house is overdressed; and what kind of a thing would a pruned jungle be? Cleverness, indeed, exceptional cleverness, is all that can be assigned to Mrs. Dudeney's new novel. It is deficient in the highest qualities of imaginative creation. Her people compel a considerable interest. But one is rarely caught up in that fervent sympathy which makes one feel that all hearts have been opened, and that there is no more to be said.

*The Man's Cause.* By Ella Napier Lefroy ("E. N. Leigh Fry"). (Lane.)

MRS. LEFROY'S book belongs to that almost obsolete category, the novel with a purpose—oh, but quite naked and unashamed. Need we say that the purpose, in this case, is to educate public opinion in the matter of masculine continence? A very laudable purpose; and seeing that the public at large dislikes tracts and is greedy for stories, who shall blame the vehement propagandist who selects the more appealing mean? Also from the day when a man wrote the lamentable history of Job this has been so. Besides, Mrs. Lefroy does apologise. "I know," she says in effect, in the person of Mrs. Chesney, the amiable and accomplished widow, recently set free from the "smothering horror" of an uncongenial marriage—"I know I am in the way to bore you, but what can a poor woman do who has had it laid upon her to say these things and, if possible, to make herself heard?"

So Mrs. Chesney, "a woman who knows a sight too much," is dumped down in the midst of a house-party of familiar types. The weakly animal is there, the bestial, the ecclesiastical worldly, and some tailor-made young women. There, too, is the distinguished author of "Triumph's Evidences," a collection of essays. To the essayist, as a congenial spirit—to whom, indeed, she owes it that in a fit of revulsion against the "smothering horror" she had not some years ago made away with herself—the lady explicates her views at large. Common-sense views enough, it may be confessed, if a trifle superficial: the laws of heredity, for instance, are, to the mind of this reformer, "remarkably plain and straightforward." Having frustrated, by very outspoken remonstrances, a certain number of marriages to which the tailor-made young ladies had been basely tempted, and having been proved absolutely right in those cases in which her advice was disregarded, the sprightly widow winds up the story by forgetting the stain set upon her by her previous loveless union in favour of the author of "Triumph's Evidences."

The book is pleasant to read, and in places comes near wit.

## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE HEART OF THE DANCER. BY PERCY WHITE.

A melodrama redeemed by a light touch, and a sense of gay aloofness that does not desert the author of *Mr. Bailey-Martin*, even when he is describing tragedy. A dancing girl, a decadent poet, a military hero, a foreign prince, a young woman—plain, rich, good—these are the people of the book, and their love affairs are its backbone. It is all quite readable; it is not in the least memorable; and when you have finished you just want to say to the author: "Thank you for a pleasant evening." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

IN OLD NEW YORK. BY WILSON BARRETT AND ELWYN BARRON.

A novel founded on a play by the same authors. It tells of the nobility of a young Dutchman who, after a life of self-sacrifice, is slain in a duel by the young man he has done most to befriend. There are, indeed, three duels in the book and a horse-race (in which the favourite is shot dead a few yards from the winning-post). The authors have not quite succeeded in excluding limelight from their pages. (Macqueen. 6s.)

THE CHAINS OF CIRCUMSTANCE. BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

An ingenious melodramatic story by a skilful hand at such fabrications. The central character is our old friend the respectable merchant with a past. A figure from this past visits him in an early chapter, they scuffle, the merchant kills him with a paper-weight, and the merchant's head clerk buries him in a cellar. From that moment the merchant is in the hands of blackmailers, and remains there until it is discovered that the figure from the past was not really killed and buried at all. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

WITH SWORD AND CRUCIFIX. BY E. S. VAN ZILE.

A florid romance of French adventurers in America in the seventeenth century. "'Beware the omnipresent ear of the Great Order, Monsieur Le Comte!" exclaimed La Salle, rising to his elbow and searching the shadows behind him with questioning eyes. . . . 'Where I go are ever savages or silence, but always in my ear echoes the stealthy footfall of the Jesuit.'" Later, Indians and Spaniards are added to the mixture. (Harper. 6s.)

UNDER THE LINDEN. BY GILLAN VASE.

A staccato, sentimental German story. The heroines are twain, two twin sisters Ottila and Gertrud, and life goes not too happily for them until the day when, side by side, they die of their own accord by asphyxiation; but sadness is mixed with gaiety in this curious and very feminine romance. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

GRACE WARDWOOD. BY "ATHENÉ."

A happy-go-lucky, genial Irish story, written sometimes in the present tense and sometimes in the past, rambling, sentimental, and always right-minded. It is dedicated to the author's mother and "to all who love a Christmas tale told in the delightful warmth and pleasant light of the crackling blaze of the Yule log, and who bring to the entertainment a pure heart, clean hands, and a clear conscience." (Dublin: Duffy.)

THOU SHALT NOT—. BY STANTON MORICH.

In the first chapter Mr. Calvert, a Clapham pietist and City speculator, turns out to be a forger and thief. He is removed to prison for fourteen years, leaving a young second wife and a daughter of about the same age. The story is concerned with the two women, life on the stage, and seamy people. The end is happy, but the way thither is rather muddy. (Pearson.)



## THE ACADEMY.

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## The Book of the Winter Season.

It is red, but it is not *Red Pottage*. *Red Pottage* is bulky: the book of the winter is only four and a half inches by three and a half, and a quarter of an inch thick. It has only 138 pages, and it tells no story; has no characters save one—the author; is not written, in the literary sense, at all; and has but one picture, and that a very poor one. And yet within a week or so fifty thousand copies were sold, and it is being sold at this moment at a prodigious rate. It is called *Aids to Scouting*,\* and the author is he whose full style is Bt.-Col. R. S. S. Baden-Powell, F.R.G.S., 5th Dragoon Guards, but who, by all who know him, and by all who admire him (and who does not?), is called simply "B.P." "B.P.," then, is not merely the invincible and resourceful commanding officer at Mafeking; he is also the most popular author of the 1899-1900 publishing season.

Why do we now pick up a modern military novel with only languid attention? Because war, so far as the outsider can judge, is no longer—if ever it was—an interesting pursuit for rank and file. The Commanding Officer, one supposes, has an absorbing enough time in preparing his plan of action; but thereafter the progress of the campaign is in the hands of men in packs. Emergencies may, of course, arise in which individual resource will be tried to the uttermost that adventurous man can want; but they are rare, and for the most part the soldier is a cog in the machinery, a thing quite apart from its motive power. That is why one has come to look to stories of modern war without any of that rapture which is excited in us by a romance of courage, cunning, and address such as *The Three Musketeers*. D'Artagnan, we feel, would be no better to-day, in a *mêlée* on Spion Kop, than the stupidest recruit from Little Pedlington. Not all his wit could save him from the true aim of a Boer sharpshooter, nor would avail aught the might of Porthos, the craft of Aramis, or the steel wrists of the Count de la Fère. It is this dread fact which has caused our makers of romance to hark back to the '45 and earlier times, or to invent German kingdoms where hand-to-hand contests and intrigue are still possible.

But the perusal of "B.P.'s" tiny red book reminds us that in excepting the Commanding Officer as the only one who finds in war full interest and full scope for his genius we have made a mistake. There is still another figure, belonging usually to the other extreme of the army—the scout. In modern warfare, it may be roughly said, the Commanding Officer and the scout divide between them almost all the opportunities for individual resource and interest; and perhaps the scout has the best of it. After all, if he fails he is only a scout, whereas the Commanding Officer. . . . Novelists who have their eyes open for the possibilities of the present conflict will do well to give the scout full attention, and by way of paving the way they should read this little book without delay, for though it will go in the waistcoat pocket, most

of the romance of modern war is between its scarlet covers. Here is a passage to the point:

Use deep shadows of bushes, trees, and banks as much as possible. In danger lie close to the ground so that you can see anyone moving against the stars. Use your ears as much as your eyes.

By squatting low in the shadow of a bush, and keeping quite still, I have let an enemy's scout come and stand within three feet of me, so that when he turned his back toward me I was able to stand up where I was and fling my arms round him.

D'Artagnan, then, is not yet extinct! There is still use for the strong arms and the stealthy tread, still employment for the brain of the opportunist. Again:

Sleep whenever you can get the chance in safety, because there is no work that is more trying than the continual alertness required in scouting. But when you sleep be careful not to be caught napping. I believe it to be a matter of practice that a man can not only wake himself at any hour he may wish to, but also that he can sleep so lightly as to be awakened by the slightest sound or by the movement of anyone near him. It is a habit with me; as is also that of taking ten minutes' sleep here and there, and waking up as refreshed as if I had had a couple of hours' rest.

When sleeping be careful to have your revolver fastened to you by its langard. Many men sleep with it under their head or pillow, and as that is where a thief would naturally look for it, a better place is under or behind your knees, where it is safe and ready to your hand.

General Buller has been commenting lately in his despatches on the disregard of scouting shown by the ordinary British officer. After reading "B.P.'s" little book it seems to us a marvel that anyone enlists to be anything but a scout. The scouts have all the fun. To use "B.P.'s" phrase, they enjoy the best sport in the world.

But it is not only potential scouts and novelists who will be interested by this book. A man of peace might do much worse than permit Bt.-Col. Baden-Powell to quicken his observant faculties for him. Bloodless scouting might become a popular and serviceable pastime for pedestrians in a dull country. Measuring a river with the eye, after "B.P.'s" rules, would pass half an hour very capably. This is his plan:

Select a tree or other object on the opposite bank and one where you stand. Then move off at a right (square) angle to these and pace a distance—say, 100 yards; plant a mark (your sword will do) and go on half as much again (another 50 yards). Then turn at right angles to your original line and walk away from the river, counting your paces until you bring the sword in line with the tree on the opposite bank. The distance you have paced since turning will be one-half of the distance across the river. Thus, if you find you have paced 90 yards, the river is 180 yards wide.

(It is unfortunate that in the edition of the book which we possess there should be two serious errors on this page. They are, it is true, pointed out in an errata slip, but errata slips are often disregarded. A third error is in the diagram, the measurements of which do not tally with the results.) To measure one river is, however, to measure all rivers. More varied fun will come from the game of deduction. The author gives a specimen pacific morning's work of his own. This is Example II.:

While following the tracks of the rickshaw, I noticed fresh tracks of two horses coming towards me, followed by a big dog.

They had passed since the rickshaw (over-riding its tracks). They were cantering (two single hoof-prints, and then two near together).

A quarter of a mile further on they were walking for a quarter of a mile. (Hoof-prints in pairs a yard apart.) Here, the dog dropped behind, and had to make up lost ground by galloping up to them. (Deep impression of his claws, and dirt kicked up.)

\* *Aids to Scouting*. By Bt.-Col. R. S. S. Baden-Powell. (Gale & Polden, 1s. net.)

*They had finished the walk about a quarter of an hour before I came there: (Because the horse's droppings at this point were quite fresh; covered with flies; not dried outside by the sun.)*

*They had been cantering up to the point where they began the walk, but one horse had shied violently on passing the invalid in the rickshaw: (Because there was a great kick up of gravel and divergence from its track just where the rickshaw track bent into the side of the road, and afterwards over-rode the horses' tracks.)*

#### DEDUCTION.

*The tracks were those of a lady and gentleman out for a ride, followed by her dog.*

Because had the horses been only out exercising with syces they would have been going at a walk in single file (or possibly at a tearing gallop).

They were therefore ridden by white people, one of whom was a lady; because, 1st, a man would not take a big, heavy dog to pound along after his horse (it had pounded along long after the horses were walking); 2nd, a man would not pull up to walk because his horse had shied at a rickshaw; but a lady might, especially if urged to do so by a man who was anxious about her safety, and that is why I put them down as a man and a lady. Had they been two ladies, the one who had been shied with would have continued to canter out of bravado. And the man probably either a very affectionate husband or no husband at all.

## The Amateur Critic.

### An Articulate Colony.

UNDER this heading in the ACADEMY of January 13 the reviewer quotes the following words from Mr. Reeves's book: "Of . . . poetic . . . talent . . . there is yet but little sign. In writing they (New Zealanders) show facility often, distinction never." As far as the poetry goes I humbly demur to this sweeping dictum. Chance, nearly three years ago, put into my hands a book of poems, entitled *Poems by a New Zealander* (Kegan Paul), and it is in this slim and green-backed little book that I find evidence of the "distinction" which has been denied to New Zealand writers of the past and present. I have no idea whether "A New Zealander" is a man or woman, but I have no hesitation in saying he (or she) is a poet, and to support my statement will quote from an "Ode to England," the England called "Home," but hitherto, "save in dreams," unvisited by the poet. The difference in the seasons is noted, but—

'Tis only that the months wear different hues,  
And change for us wan violets to warm sheaves.  
November here forgets her early dews,  
Dun fogs and frost: she gives us lingering eves,  
Incessant roses, ever lovely views  
By peak and vale; is prodigal of leaves;  
Buries the eager bees from morn till night;  
Love fledglings, downy chickens, dragon flies,  
And the bright creatures of the summer skies,  
And in the first red cherries bath delight.

"Incessant roses" is summer painted in two words. I give one more quotation (from a "Song"), and hope that these two examples of how the Muse is tended in Greater Britain may send other readers to a book of verses not unworthy to stand beside those of Lindsay Gordon and A. B. Paterson on our bookshelves:

Take what thou wilt, thou canst not take away  
My joy in loving thee!  
Love doth not spring nor perish in a day;  
And though thine cease to be,  
Mine still lives on, to be its own sure stay,  
Its own unasked felicity.

H. G. H.

## A Man and his Work.

A NOTICEABLE feature which may be met with in almost all the obituary notices of the late Mr. R. D. Blackmore is the prediction that his fame will depend solely on *Lorna Doone*. The fact of this book's great popularity above his other novels is emphasised as if it was the singular fate of Mr. Blackmore to have won the approval of the public but once. Yet, if one reflects, it is by no means a rare thing for an author to be associated with one book. Others he may have produced—as did Mr. Blackmore—of even greater merit than the work which brought him his fame; but the public is obtuse in matters of taste, and often as not it refuses to divide the honours of its first choice with late comers. Take the case of Mr. Shorthouse, who continues to be described as "the author of *John Inglesant*," notwithstanding that there are several other brilliant works bearing his name, but, unhappily for the public, they are too little known. This attempt to summarise a man and his work in a single sentence has the disadvantage of popularising but one book, and that one not necessarily the best. Its origin is not far to seek: when a book first arrests the public attention, its author cannot be more than a mere abstraction to the general; in the second stage he gains a notoriety as its author; the third stage in the author's progress, in which his personality is regarded apart from his writings, is only reached by a favoured few. No doubt, once upon a time it was "Mr. John Milton, the author of *Paradise Lost*," until his work became duly focussed in the public mind, when he was "John Milton the Poet." Thackeray is still known as the author of *Vanity Fair*, although he wrote *Esmond* and *The Newcomes*; and Charlotte Brontë as the author of *Jane Eyre*, though *Villette* is her really great novel. But this I hope, that to future generations the name of Blackmore will bring to mind not only *Lorna Doone* but a dozen delightful novels.

JONATHAN DEAN.

### "Peg Woffington."

A GOOD many people have doubtless been reading Charles Reade's *Peg Woffington* lately, incited thereto by the publication of Mr. Hugh Thomson's illustrations. I wonder whether many have noticed two rather curious inaccuracies.

In Chapter II, Cibber, speaking in the green-room of the Covent Garden Theatre, says: "When I was young two giantesses [Mrs. Bracegirdle and Mrs. Oldfield] fought for empire upon this very stage. . . . They played Roxana and Statira in the 'Rival Queens.'" Now this contest, which was immediately followed by Mrs. Bracegirdle's retirement from the stage, took place in 1707, not at the Covent Garden Theatre, which was not opened till 1733, but at the Haymarket. The rivals, too, appear to have played not Roxana and Statira together, but Mrs. Brittle, in "The Amorous Widow," on successive nights.

The other is, perhaps, a smaller matter. The date of the tale is (Chapter I.) "about the middle of last century"; and as Mrs. Bracegirdle, who was alive at the time, died in 1748, it cannot be later than that year. In Chapter VII. we find Mrs. Woffington going by coach to Hercules Buildings, Lambeth, pursued by Sir Charles Pomander and Mr. Vane. Other land journeys to and from the same place are mentioned later. But Westminster Bridge was not opened till 1750; and it is very improbable that anyone would go from Covent Garden to Lambeth by way of London Bridge, the only bridge till that at Westminster was built. Water would certainly be taken for part of the way. Of course there was the Horseferry; but it is not likely that it would be used for such journeys.

Such are the pitfalls that beset the writer of romances who brings in real persons, with their fixed and inexorable dates.

C.



## Correspondence.

## Ruskin on War.

SIR,—The opinion of John Ruskin upon any subject must necessarily be of great interest and importance. For the moment the question of War *versus* Peace is all-pervading, and, in addition to the reference to the subject which Mr. Charles Quartermain has pointed out in your last issue, in *The Crown of Wild Olive*, may I remind you of another in the third volume of *Modern Painters*? I believe it was written at the time of the Crimean War, and the sentiments expressed therein go far to prove that Ruskin's opinion on the subject was a settled one—an opinion, not a hasty thought. I venture to quote the following:

I believe war is at present productive of good more than of evil. I will not argue this hardly and coldly, as I might, by tracing in past history some of the abundant evidence that nations have always reached their highest virtue, and wrought their most accomplished works, in times of straitening and battle; as, on the other hand, no nation has ever yet enjoyed a protracted and triumphant peace without receiving in its own bosom ineradicable seeds of future decline. I will not so argue this matter; but I will appeal at once to the testimony of those whom the war has cost the dearest. I know what would be told me by those who have suffered nothing, whose domestic happiness has been unbroken, whose daily comfort undisturbed; whose experience of calamity consists, at its utmost, in the incertitude of a speculation, the dearth of a luxury, or the increase of demands upon their fortune which they could meet fourfold without inconvenience. From these, I can well believe, be they prudent economists or careless pleasure-seekers, the cry for peace will rise alike vociferously, whether in the street or senate. But I ask *their* witness, to whom the war has changed the aspect of the earth, and imagery of heaven, whose hopes it has cut off like a spider's web, whose treasure it has placed in a moment under the seals of clay. Those who can never more see sunrise, nor watch the climbing light gild the Eastern clouds without thinking what graves it has gilded, first, far down behind the dark earth-lies, who never more shall see the crocus bloom in spring, without thinking what dust it is that feeds the wild flowers of Balacava. Ask *their* witness, and see if they will not reply that it is well with them, and with theirs; that they would have it no otherwise; would not, if they might, receive back their gift of love and life, nor take again the purple of their blood out of the cross on the breast-plate of England. Ask them: and though they should answer only with a sob, listen if it does not gather upon their lips into the sound of the old Seyton war-cry—"Set on."

—I am, &amp;c.

GUY WILFRID HAYLER.

Capenhurst, Chester: Feb. 1, 1900.

## The Decadent Cuckoo.

SIR,—Allow me, in thanking you for the excellent review of my cuckoo book, to say that the illustrations are all given in it. That which should have been placed at page 28 was, by the binder, put at an earlier page; and, in the list of illustrations, page 15 is an unfortunate misprint for 13. Your inserting this may save others who *already* have the volume from being puzzled, and these errors are put right in later copies. I exceedingly regret they should have occurred.—I am, &c.,

ALEXANDER H. JAPP.

National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, S.W.

## "Ariel's Press Cutting Agency."

SIR,—Your references, in the current issue of the ACADEMY, to Mr. I. Zangwill's "delicious essays in the difficult art" of parody are so extremely flattering to me, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of writing to say

that it was I, not Mr. Zangwill, who contributed to *Ariel* the series of "press cuttings" which you praise so highly. They have been attributed to my friend Mr. Zangwill, I know, by a variety of papers of less consequence than the ACADEMY, and I hope I may not be considered unduly vain for not allowing the statement to pass without contradiction in the magisterial columns of the ACADEMY. For I recognise that some people may not think so generously of those bagatelles as your reviewer does. I know one person who does not. Yet it is a gratification to him to know that he is not the only one by whom they are still remembered.—I am, &c.,

Feb. 7, 1900.

EDWARD MORTON.

## Our Weekly Prize Competitions.

## Result of No. 20 (New Series).

WE asked last week for mottoes for four bookcases containing respectively works of History, Poetry, Fiction, and Biography. The quotations were to be from English authors, and suitable to be really employed for the purpose named. The following series, sent by Miss Evelyn Underhill, 3, Campden Hill-place, London, W., seems to us the most suitable:

## History—

History is Philosophy teaching by examples.—*Bolingbroke*.

## Poetry—

The crown of literature is poetry.—*M. Arnold*.

## Fiction—

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

*"Richard III."* iv. 4.

## Biography—

In books we find the dead, as it were, living.

*Richard de Bury*.

Replies received also from: T. C., Buxted; D. H. W., Pwllheli; R. D. B., London; E. B. V. C., London; E. C. W., Oxford; C. W., London; J. A. S. B., Edinburgh; H. A. W., Portobello; E. L. E., Rochdale; A. S. W., Westward Ho!; A. M. P., Lincoln; C. S., Brighton; G. N., Clifton; M. H. M., London; W. D. E., Wimbledon; A. T., Reigate; E. T., Manchester; Miss G., Newtown; L. C., Cambridge; F. L., Manchester; R. G. W., Kirkby-Ravensworth; F. E. W., London; L. P., Inverness; D. C. R., Birkenhead; E. E. L., Leicester; H. J., London; T. M., Rundle; E. H. Didsbury; D. S., London; Miss G., Reigate; B. G., Barnsbury; H. B., London; Mrs. W. H. P., Alton; S. C., Brighton; F. M., London; J. R., Aberdeen; G. R., Aberdeen; F. M. D., London; S. S., Cambridge; A. D. B., Liverpool; A. C., Edinburgh; D. C. R., Birkenhead; R. W. D. N., London; M. A. C., Cambridge; G. B., Liverpool; R. W. M., London; C. E., Edinburgh; L. K., Highgate; and R. F. M. C., Whitby.

## Competition No. 21 (New Series).

EVERY family where writing games are popular has some game of home manufacture. We offer a prize of a guinea to the description of the best original writing game—that is to say, of the best game for an evening party in which paper, pencils, and brains are involved. The word original would not exclude a good adaptation of a well-known game, which is the form that home-made games often take.

## RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, February 13. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the second column of p. 132, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

## OUR SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(For particulars see inside page of cover.)

Received during the week: *Isis*, Grangemouth, *The Outsider*, Erin-go-bragh, *Lancet*, *Unfledged*, *Kingston*, *Narcissus*, *Tredegar*.

## New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

AMERICA TO-DAY. BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

Last year Mr. William Archer braved the Atlantic to make a study of the American stage. He also accepted a commission from the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Magazine* to jot down his impressions of America during an eight weeks' sojourn. The book before us contains those jottings or observations, together with four essays, dealing with American subjects, somewhat weightier in character, to which he has given the title of "Reflections." (Heinemann.)

LE MORTE DARTHUR. BY SIR THOMAS MALORY.

The two new volumes of Messrs. Macmillan's "Library of English Classics." The page is ample and the type large. Mr. A. W. Pollard's bibliographical note reminds us that Caxton (whose preface is included in this edition) finished printing the first edition on the last day of July, 1485, some fifteen or sixteen years after Malory finished the book. An index has been supplied by Mr. Henry Littlehales. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 7s. net).

JOHN RUSKIN. BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

Mr. Spielmann's monograph on Mr. Ruskin is ready betimes. Portions of it were written for the *Graphic*, and one chapter appeared in the *Magazine of Art*. All has, however, been revised. An article on "The Black Arts," which Mr. Ruskin wrote for the *Magazine of Art*, is reprinted here, together with some correspondence concerning the article which passed between Mr. Ruskin and the author of this book. (Cassell & Co. 5s.)

HISTORICAL TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. BY D. T. QUILLER COUCH.

This is the book which was first announced under the title of *Q's Tales from Shakespeare*. Therein Mr. Couch supplies certain of the plays omitted by Charles and Mary Lamb. His original idea, he tells us, was to follow their plan of using only Shakespearean words, but in time he gave this up and wrote in his own manner. The plays are "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," "King John," the two "Richards," and the three "Henrys." (Arnold. 6s.)

HOW ENGLAND SAVED EUROPE. BY W. H. FITCHETT.

The third volume of Mr. Fitchett's history of the great war. The reader now reaches the war in the Peninsula and the Duke of Wellington—a tract of time covered in Sir Herbert Maxwell's *Life*. The two books would make an interesting comparison. Maps of battles and portraits of soldiers illustrate the volume. (Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

THE ROMANTIC TRIUMPH. BY T. S. OMOND.

The new volume in Messrs. Blackwoods' "Periods of European Literature" series. The Romantic movement had its impulse in the last century—Rousseau in France, Ossian in Great Britain, Bürger in Germany, were among the leaders. Bürger, of course, influenced Scott, for it was the ballad of "Leonore" which first turned his thoughts towards romance. The movement soon gathered strength, and Mr. Omond traces it all over Europe. (Blackwood. 5s. net.)

\* \* \* Owing to pressure upon our space further acknowledgments of New Books are held over till next week.

Special cloth cases for binding the half-yearly volume of the ACADEMY can be supplied for 1s. each. The price of the bound half-yearly volume is 8s. 9d. Communications should be addressed to the Publisher, 43, Chancery-lane.

## NEW WORK

BY THE LATE

G. W. STEEVENS,

War Correspondent of the "Daily Mail."

## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Messrs. WM. BLACKWOOD & SONS will publish about the end of FEBRUARY "FROM CAPETOWN to LADYSMITH: an Unfinished Record of the South African War," by G. W. STEEVENS, Author of "With Kitchener to Khartum," "In India," &c. In One Volume, crown 8vo. With Maps.

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WILLIAM J. J. SPRY, R.N., F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S., &c.

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(Signed) PAYNE JENNINGS.

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The work appears to meet every reasonable expectation formed of it, and it seems to give much pleasure and instruction to everyone who dips into it. ISAAC HENDERSON.

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I am pleased to inform you that the copy of your "International Library" which I have received gives every satisfaction. In paper, type, binding, and general external appearance it leaves nothing to be desired. A pleasing feature is the varied character of the illustrations, forming interesting adjuncts to the text. The anthology itself is such as was to be expected from its editor, Dr. Garnett. The different periods of literary history are represented in just proportion, and a nice discrimination has been exercised in selection from eminent and representative authors. As a whole, the Library cannot fail to be of great value to those who have had little opportunity for deep or wide reading, but who wish to make an acquaintance with more than the names of the world's best writers.

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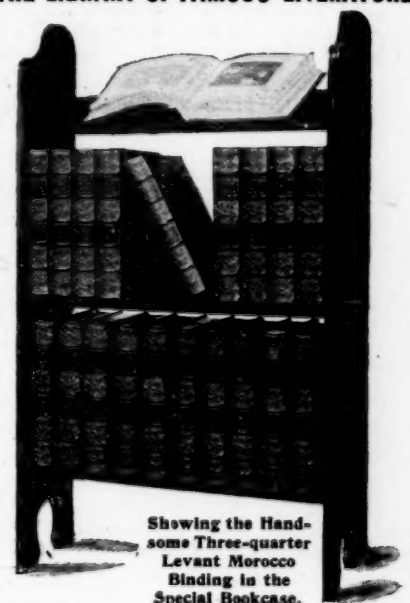
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